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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1923

One Penny.

HUSBAND'S DECREE NISI



Mr. Frederick Wooff, who was granted a decree nisi.

After further evidence had been given, the petition for divorce brought by Mrs. D. M. Wooff against her husband, a Fulham wine merchant, was yesterday dismissed by Mr. Justice Horridge. Mr. Wooff's counter-charge of misconduct against his wife succeeded, and he was granted a decree nisi.

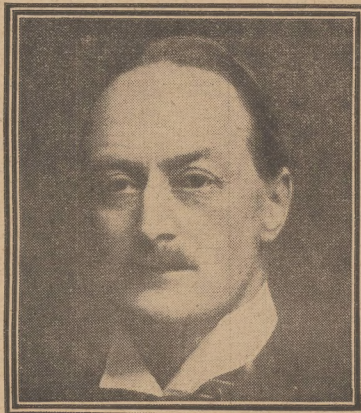


Mrs. Wooff, whose petition was dismissed.



Mr. W. H. Sinnett, cited as co-respondent.

DEATH OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN



Viscount Portman, whose death has occurred in his sixty-third year after an extended illness. He succeeded his father in 1919. He leaves only a daughter and his brother, the Hon. Claud Berkeley Portman, now succeeds to the title.

FILM STAR DEAD



A studio portrait of Mr. Wallace Reid.



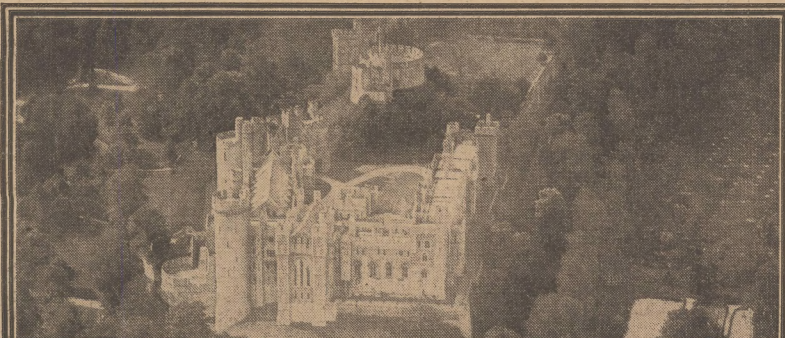
Mr. Wallace Reid in one of his film impersonations.

A cablegram from Los Angeles announces the death of Mr. Wallace Reid, the well-known film actor. It is said that his death occurred after a six-weeks struggle following his renunciation of drug-taking.

BRILLIANT COMING-OUT BALL FOR THE SISTER OF ENGLAND'S PREMIER DUKE AND EARL



The Duchess of Norfolk, who was hostess to a thousand guests.



Arundel Castle, the scene of last night's festivities, as it appears from an aeroplane.



Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, the debutante.

The ball given by the Duchess of Norfolk at Arundel Castle to celebrate the coming-out of her daughter, Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard, was a most brilliant affair. It is

more than seventy years since a debutante was brought out amid the feudal magnificence of the Duke of Norfolk's historic residence.

"UNDER FALSE PRETENCES," A BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL, STARTS ON MONDAY

GIRL-WIFE LOSES IN DIVORCE SUIT.

Co-respondent Denounced in Court by His Father.

"A VILLAIN."

Decree Nisi for Husband in Cross-Petition.

A decree nisi was yesterday granted to Mr. Frederick Woolf, wine and spirit merchant, of Fulham, on the ground of his wife's misconduct with William H. Sinnett, motor engineer, of Surbiton.

Mrs. Woolf's petition for divorce on the grounds of cruelty and misconduct was dismissed.

The father of the co-respondent, in evidence, said: "I am ashamed to own him as a son, because he has been a villain ever since he has been with me."

Married at eighteen, Mrs. Woolf lost a leg in a motor-cycle accident. She alleged her husband had taunted her in verse about her infirmity.

JUDGE'S REBUKE.

Not Impressed by Evidence of "Clairvoyant" Witness.

References to clairvoyance were made when Miss Grace Mary Marsh gave evidence in support of an allegation of misconduct by the husband in the shop while the wife was in hospital. Mr. J. B. Matthews, K.C. (for Mrs. Woolf): "I was asking you yesterday whether or not you practised clairvoyance. A clairvoyant did you not express much sympathy with Mrs. Woolf and refer to the future after she had got rid of her husband?—I do not remember such a thing."

"Have you ever had an opportunity of studying Mr. Sinnett at close quarters?—No, I have only seen him once."

Counsel then asked Miss Marsh if the signature on a letter that had references to clairvoyance was hers. "I am short-sighted and cannot see it," she replied.

"I think you can," interposed Mr. Justice Horridge. "I am not at all impressed by the way you are giving your evidence. You can see your own signature."

Mr. Matthews: "It is a letter from you to my client. It says: 'Do not tell your best pal. Kind regards to your friend. I have a good feeling to clairvoyance towards him. His eyes are good and true. The best of luck to you both.'"

HUSBAND'S DENIALS.

Mr. Woolf then went into the witness-box and said he had never committed misconduct since his marriage. He admitted he misbehaved himself with his wife before their marriage.

Mr. Willis, K.C. (for the husband): "There are a number of charges of cruelty against you. One is that you let the counter flap down on her. Do you remember it?—No."

Coming to the motor-cycle accident when his wife lost her leg, witness said he asked her: "Do you want to drive?" She said: "Yes."

He thought she understood motor-cycles because she had been in the A.S.C. She got on, and he sat on the back to guide her.

Counsel: She says you deliberately caused this accident?—Certainly not.

Did you compel her to get on the machine?—Certainly not.

One Sunday in February, 1921, said Mr. Woolf, his wife came home at 11 p.m. and said she had been at her mother's. He asked if she was coming to bed. She said "No," and began to scratch his face.

He got hold of her by the wrists and held her on the bed until she went to sleep.

FATHER'S ALLEGATIONS.

Mr. Willis: Yesterday your wife gave us some verses which she says you made up about her?—I have heard my mother singing it; that's all. Did you know it was a case of complaint against you while you were living together?—Well, the girl used to play the piano herself to sing it. It was more of a joke than anything else.

In cross-examination Mr. Woolf denied that he had ever jeered at his wife.

William Harrison Sinnett, farrier, of Dunkeld-street, Liverpool, father of the co-respondent, said he did not know Mrs. Woolf until September 3, 1922, when his son came and said he was staying at the Washington Hotel, Liverpool, with his wife.

Witness went there with him and was introduced to Mrs. Woolf, who was in bed, his son saying: "This is my missus."

His son called her "Peggy," and said they had been married two years. Three days later they both came to witness's house and occupied the same bedroom. His daughter, Mabel, took cups of tea to them.

(Continued on page 15.)

BOY'S FATE IN MINE.

Guided by a smell of burning, a pit official at Linton, Northumberland, discovered Charles Redford, fifteen, lying dead at his post, bleeding from the head and shockingly burned. The cause of death is a mystery.

HATS OFF TO FRANCE

Lord Rothermere's Article in "Sunday Pictorial."

GERMANY MUST PAY.

In to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* Lord Rothermere, in his article, "Hats Off to France!" writes strongly in favour of the action taken by France to compel the Germans to make reparations.

Lord Rothermere reviews the events which have taken place since the signing of the Peace Treaty, and shows that Germany has never made any effort to pay and will not do so except under pressure.

He also reminds us how victorious Germany acted in 1871.

Germany lost the war, but she is in many respects the most prosperous country in Europe to-day, and by evading payment she is trying to win the peace.

Lord Rothermere says that France will get her coal and her action will hasten a stable economy in Europe. The British proposal to wait another four years would have kept the Continent in a state of paralysing uncertainty.

D.S.O.'s TRAGIC FATE.

Dead Beside Running Motor—Coroner Orders Machinery Examination.

When an inquest was held yesterday on Richard John Andrews (46) of Lyndhurst-drive, Hampstead, who was found dead beside a running electric motor, and clutching a chisel, which he had apparently been sharpening, the St. Pancras coroner adjourned it for the machinery to be examined by a factory inspector.

Mr. Andrews carried on business as a motor engineer. During the war he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the East Lancashire Regiment, and won the D.S.O., the M.C., and the French Croix de Guerre, besides being mentioned in dispatches several times.

WOUNDED COUPLE.

Girl's Story of Attack by Married Man in Epping Forest.

There was a sequel to the wounding of a man and girl in Epping Forest when, at Stratford yesterday, Samuel Thomas Danaher, twenty-six, a labourer, of Walthamstow, was sent for trial on the charge of attempting to murder Ellen Winifred Read, and also with intent to do so.

Miss Read, a cigarette maker, aged nineteen, said she had walked out with Danaher, though she knew he was married. He told her he was going to get a divorce.

Later he became depressed. On January 6 they went to Epping Forest, and while they were sitting under a tree she felt something drawn across her throat. Danaher held her right arm and said: "I have done it now."

She also discovered that he had a throat wound. She called out: "Save me, Tom! I'm dying!" and both staggered into a lane, where they met a man who took them to hospital.

WOMEN JURORS' VIEWS

Motor Trade Custom Thought To Be Bad Business.

Motor trade methods were criticised by a woman juror at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Richard Gray and Alfred Emery were found guilty of receiving a stolen motor-car. They were put back pending the investigation of another charge.

The point was raised as to whether the production of a registration book was any real check as to the ownership of a car.

The Woman Juror: I cannot see that the registration book is any safeguard in buying a motor-car.

Counsel: It has been the practice in the motor trade, rightly or wrongly, to assume that if you come with a car and a registration book and everything looks all right—the numbers on the car and so forth—you are entitled to be assumed to be the owner.

Another Woman Juror: If that is the way of dealing with motor-cars, then all I can say is that it is not.

HUSBAND'S TRAGIC DISCOVERY.

A woman named Croucher, aged seventy-seven, wife of the caretaker at a brewery office at Rochester, was found dead yesterday morning by her husband in the kitchen. She had a piece of gas tubing in her mouth and a blanket over her head.

U.S. AMBASSADOR RETURNS.

WASHINGTON, Friday.

Mr. Harvey, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, has left for New York.

It is declared that the Ambassador's visit to Washington was due primarily to the debt negotiations, and so forth—he returns to London he will participate in the debt funding discussions. —Reuter.

STEEPLEJACK DRAMA

Man Left Hanging Between Ladder and Chimney.

90ft. SLIDE TO EARTH.

While working yesterday on a 90ft. chimney with scaling ladders at the Supply Depot, Aldershot, Mr. C. G. Ager, the well-known steeplejack, narrowly escaped death.

One of the pins which held his sectional ladders came away from the old brickwork and the ladder swung outwards.

Ager realised his danger instantly. He gripped the lightning conductor and clung on for some minutes, hundreds of soldiers who were standing below, watching with bated breath while the mid-air drama was enacted.

Then, having steadied himself, Ager slowly extended one foot and one hand while he hung tightly on to the wire with the other hand.

Finally, he caught the swinging ladder and drew it towards him and then coolly glided to earth.

HEART BROUGHT HOME.

Fulfillment of Wish of Baronet Who Died in Switzerland.

A bronze memorial urn containing the heart of Sir Graham Hammond, Bart., who died in Switzerland, has been placed in a wall recess in St. Andrew's Church, Freshwater.

The urn, which is inscribed, "Let my heart lie in the land I love best—England," was dedicated yesterday.

Lady Cook, widow of Sir Francis Cook, the social reformer who was known as "Tennessee Claflin," has died in London.

NEW RENT LAW UNLIKELY

Retrospective Act Regarding Notice Considered as "Impossible."

Although it was expected that the Rent Restriction Act Committee would have passed its report this week, it is to meet again on Tuesday to hear further evidence on the subject of rating from the representative of a Scottish municipality.

The *Daily Mirror's* political correspondent learns that the Lord Chancellor's judicial committee, which has been considering the legality of a landlord increasing rent without giving notice to quit, is hardening to the view that nothing can be done.

Retrospective legislation is regarded as impossible, and legislation for the future is useless as a remedy for the hardships which have taken place under the existing law.

FATAL 'PLANE CRASHES.

U.S. Machine Nose-Dives from 2,000 Feet on to Rocks.

When a U.S. seaplane suddenly nose-dived from a height of 2,000ft. on to rocks at Catalina Island (California) the pilot, Lieutenant W. H. Rohrbach, a naval aviator, was killed, and two other officers were injured, a Central News cable stated yesterday.

In "taking off" at Luz (near Nevres) a French Army aeroplane struck a tree, says the Exchange, and crashed in flames. The pilot, Sergeant Jourdain, was burned to death and his mechanic badly injured.

FLAT THIEVES' RUSE.

Jewellery Haul on Visit to House with Viewing Order.

Two well-dressed men, one aged about fifty, the other between thirty-eight and forty, have carried out an audacious robbery at the house of the Hon. Rachel de Montmorency, 56, Wandsworth-square, Victoria.

Two men went to a firm of house agents and asked for orders to view a number of furnished properties. The residence of the Hon. Rachel de Montmorency was one of the houses specified. On the order to view, the two men examined the premises, being conducted over by a maid.

Shortly after they had departed it was discovered that they had taken two pearl necklaces, two gold rings set with diamonds, and three gold bracelets set with precious stones. The value of the missing property is stated to be between £400 and £500.

The police have been furnished with a full description of the two men, who are believed to have been concerned in other robberies of a similar character.

NEARLY EVERYBODY DOING IT.

After fining several motorists for exceeding the 30-miles-per-hour speed limit in Green Park, W., the Bow-street magistrate yesterday said, "Nearly everybody seems to be under the impression that the speed limit is no longer in force. The law has never been addressed."

Defendants said they thought the Act had been repealed.

STOPPED BURIAL INQUEST STORIES.

Riddle of Woman's Death Still Unsolved.

'A COMMUNICATION.'

Coroner Explains Why He Took Surprise Step.

Little light was shed at yesterday's inquest on the circumstances of the death of Mrs. Edith Mary Jones, whose funeral was postponed by the order of the St. Pancras coroner.

Yesterday the coroner stated that he had taken this action because of a communication which reached him. Mrs. Jones, who lived at Whitfield-street, Tottenham Court-road, died on January 14 after three weeks' illness.

The police-surgeon was not in a position yesterday to state definitely the cause of death, and the inquest was adjourned until February 8.

DAUGHTER'S STORY.

Says Her Mother Was Ill-Treated by a Man—Police Warning.

The dead woman's daughter, Mrs. Edith Mary Gunter, of Maple-street, Tottenham Court-road, said her mother was the wife of a bricklayer named John Jones, who, as far as she knew, was still alive.

Her mother did not live with him, but with a man named Martin. She last saw her father, Mr. Jones, at the end of the war, before he returned to Australia, where he had been living for about eight years.

About three weeks ago her mother had an illness, Mrs. Gunter continued, and Dr. De Wytt, who was called in, said she was suffering from congestion of the lungs.

In answer to the coroner, Mrs. Gunter said she had seen her mother ill-treated by Martin. She had reported this to the police.

A month ago her mother had two black eyes, a bruised face, and a fractured arm.

After Mrs. Jones took to her bed Martin grumbled at her, and while she was in bed hit her on the face.

Mrs. Francis O'Connor, a neighbour of the dead woman, said that on Sunday, January 14, she was called in by Martin and found Mrs. Jones in a fit. A few minutes later she died.

Dr. W. H. de Wytt stated that he saw Mrs. Jones on January 6, and found she had pulmonary congestion. To the best of his belief, she died of uræmia and cardiac disease, and he gave a certificate.

Dr. Rose, police divisional surgeon, who made the post-mortem examination, said there was a bruise on the body, probably about two days old, which might have been caused by a fall and had no part in causing death.

CAR TOWS FIRE ENGINE.

Motorist Gets Brigade Out of an Awkward Dilemma.

Called to a motor-lorry laden with vegetables which took fire on the main road near Gerrards Cross, the Beaconsfield Fire Brigade could find neither horse nor motor to take their engine to the scene.

A motorist, driving a new car, came along and towed the engine to the fire. He waited until the flames were extinguished, and then towed it home again.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Winds becoming more northerly again, with a lower temperature. Lighting-up time, 5.25 p.m.

Lighting-up time to-day is 5.25 p.m.

Herring Glut.—Herrings were sold at Beer, South Devon, at 2s. 6d. a cartload for manure.

The Earl of Essex has accepted the joint membership of the Herts. and Milton Hounds.

Grin Train Find.—A dead baby was found in a parcel under a seat in a Birmingham train at Leamington yesterday.

Motor Millions.—Motor licence receipts brought in £11,523,831 between December 1, 1921, and November 30 last.

New Cargo Boats.—Two cargo steamers, each of 850 tons, are to be built at Queen's Island, Belfast, for London firms.

Sir Henry Newbolt, the poet, left Liverpool yesterday for Canada to lecture on the importance of English in education.

Men Washed Overboard.—Three of the crew of the Grimsby trawler *Galina* were washed overboard and drowned in a storm off Iceland.

Father's Last Wish.—John Heath, a South Derbyshire clay worker, who committed suicide, left a letter asking his sons to be good to their mother and sisters.

Baronet's Wife Dead.—Lady Bonham, wife of Sir George Bonham, Bart., formerly British Minister in Switzerland, died yesterday at Cranleigh, Surrey, aged seventy-six.

FRANCE TAKES CONTROL OF BANKS IN THE RUHR

Swift Counter-Move to German Attempt at Money Blockade of Occupied Zone.

MINES AND CUSTOMS SEIZED: FORESTS NEXT

Berlin Mission to Britain Abandoned—Government Too Loyal to Allies to Receive It.

France adopted more effective measures yesterday to counter a new German ruse to thwart the success of the Ruhr occupation.

Following the closure of the Reichsbank at Mayence and the stoppage of payment—part of a plan to set up a money blockade—the French officials confiscated all branches of German banks and credit institutions in the occupied area. Other penalties enforced were the seizure of Customs control and the issue of orders for the collection of the coal tax and the exploitation of forests. Troops were posted in mines and several managers arrested.

Britain's sympathetic attitude towards French policy was illustrated yesterday by the Foreign Office statement that if—as reported—Berlin sent a mission to London the members of it would not be received.

TROOPS SUPERVISE WORK STINNES AND CO. NOT TO OF TRANSPORTING COAL. SEND EMISSARIES HERE.

47,000 Tons Already Diverted to French Depots.

PIT MANAGERS IN CUSTODY.

German resistance to the French occupation of the Ruhr manifested itself yesterday in a new form.

The Reich, cables the Exchange from Paris, decreed a monetary blockade of the Rhenish regions, and the Reichsbank at Mayence shut its doors and suspended payment.

As a result, says Reuter, there was a serious shortage of marks, but, adds the Exchange, stocks and securities were not taken away, measures having been adopted by the French to prevent their removal.

As a counter-move to the possible extension of the "blockade" to Coblenz and Dusseldorf, the French are reported by the Central News from Berlin to have confiscated all branches of German banks, credit institutions and tax collectors' offices in both the old and new occupied territory.

The closing of the Reichsbank at Mayence is regarded in Paris, says Reuter, as likely to recoil on the authors.

It is pointed out that the growing scarcity of marks in the occupied territories will have to be met by the creation of a new currency or by the introduction of the franc.

MORE PENALTIES.

Meanwhile, the confidence of the French and their determination to outmanoeuvre Germany at every move remains unabated.

The Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission, in accordance with instructions received, yesterday promulgated three ordinances regarding the seizure of:

The coal tax.

Customs receipts.

Certain pledged in connection with the management and exploitation of the forest resources.

The British High Commissioner, says a Reuter Cologne message, refrained from voting in accordance with the instructions of his Government.

The Allies, says the Exchange, yesterday took over the control of the Customs, establishing Custom posts in the occupied area.

An Essen telegram, via Berlin to Reuter, announces that the seizure of the State mines at Buer, Westerholt and Horstemescher began with the occupation by French troops of all the important positions in the pits.

Several of the mine managers were arrested and removed to Dusseldorf.

BRITAIN'S LOYALTY.

All is quiet in the Ruhr, says the *Echo de Paris* (quoted by Reuter); 47,000 tons of coal have been diverted to the west.

Tension in the question of the exchanges is in no way disquieting.

France is exerting some influence in the matter, and she is placing orders for British coal, thus defeating the object of the German orders for coal.

The *Matin* (quoted by the Exchange) points out that the loyalty of the British Government, who have raised no objections to the Customs measures which have been applied in the British zone of the Rhine, the active collaboration of Italy, and the close co-operation of Belgium are the true facts in a situation which Germany has attempted to represent as one in which France stands isolated from the world.

The *Matin* adds: "Germany has clearly lost ground in the last twenty-four hours. Nevertheless, we are dealing with interests so enormous that we must still expect the most astute manoeuvres and stubborn resistance, but, as we were informed by an authorised person, 'France will go on to the end, and even after that.'"

Foreign Office Attitude: 'We Would Not Meet Them.'

NO HINDRANCE TO FRANCE.

It was reported yesterday that a secret German mission was on the way to London to plead with the Government, on behalf of Herr Stinnes and the other defiant industrialists, against French action in the Ruhr.

Later the report was officially denied from Berlin.

"If Germany ever contemplated sending a delegation for the purpose of inducing this country to interfere with the French policy it would be quite useless," a Foreign Office official told *The Daily Mirror*.

"It simply would not be seen by any Department of the Government.

"The attitude of this country—one of benevolent neutrality with the 'benevolence' reserved for France—is unalterable.

"The Government can only deplore the obstacles which the Germans persist in putting in the way of the French occupation.

"Our view is that a more reasonable attitude by the Germans would make things much easier for themselves.

"Their continued obstinacy only makes the situation more difficult for the moderate party in France and more and more impossible for her to relax her grip on the Ruhr Valley."

GERMAN OFFICIAL ARRESTED.

To Be Tried for Refusal to Obey Order and Insolence to French.

A Mayence message, says an Exchange wire from Paris, records that the French have made their first arrest of a German official in Dusseldorf.

The head of the local Finance Office refused to obey a command to hand over his books to the French Customs official and was taken into custody at once.

A Berlin cable to Reuter says that the official's name is Dr. Schlutius, and that he will be proceeded against for refusal to obey the orders of the military authorities and for gross insolence in conversation with French officials.

According to an Essen telegram to Reuter, five industrialists, not including Herr Thyssen, have appeared at French Divisional Headquarters.

They maintained their refusal to supply reparations coal. They were informed that they would not be arrested for the present, but that they should hold themselves at the disposal of the court-martial.

GREEK SHOTS AT TURKS.

Troops Reported To Have Crossed Maritza—Ignoring Allies.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday.

A Kemalist official communiqué states that the Greeks, taking advantage of the negligence of the Allies, are concentrating troops along the whole length of the Maritza, and have also established strong contingents at Karagatch, in violation of the Mudania Convention.

Some detachments have actually crossed the Maritza and fired upon the inhabitants of Turkish posts, causing some casualties.—Reuter.

DEATH OF VISCOUNT PORTMAN.

Viscount Portman has died at Bynston, Blandford, in Dorset, after a long illness.

Born in 1860, and succeeding to the title in 1919, he was a large owner of land in the West End of London. His brother, the Hon. Claud Berkeley Portman, succeeds.



Marchioness of Queensberry, stated by the "Tablet" to have been received into the Roman Catholic communion.



Hon. Rachel de Montmorency, young has been robbed of pearl necklaces and other jewellery valued at between £400 and £500.

FROZEN NORTH GOLD RACE BY AEROPLANE.

Old Etonian Who Has Claims on 30,000 Acres.

SURVEYING FROM SKY.

Plans are being completed for a thrilling race from Newfoundland to the interior of Labrador, where gold has been discovered in the Big Brook River district.

One of the biggest prospectors is Mr. Alan Butler, an old Etonian and wealthy young man, who has been one of the main financial supporters of civil aviation.

Mr. Butler, who has just returned from St. John's, told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that he has claims staked on 30,000 acres. An opposing prospector, Mr. H. C. Bellow, of Montreal, has formed a company with 2,000,000,000, (£400,000) capital, and he is waiting for the weather conditions to permit of transport.

Mr. Butler is anxious to work his claims before anyone else, and he starts again for the Far North in April.

For the first time aircraft will be used for surveying. In addition, Major Homming, who has charge of aerial surveying in that part of Labrador controlled by Newfoundland, has six machines which are being used for surveying the course of rivers.

Mr. Butler has his own private machine, which is being used as a means of transport over the frozen wastes.

He has formed a company, the Labrador Gold Deposits, Ltd., the chairman of which is the Hon. J. K. Bennett, who was at one time Minister of Militia and Acting Premier of the Newfoundland Government.

WOMAN INCENDIARY.

Sentence on Daughter Whose Mother Killed Herself in Prison.

Charged with arson at Aberystwyth before Mr. Justice Acton at Lampeter yesterday, Mary Jones, a lodging-house keeper, was found guilty but insane, and ordered to be detained during his Majesty's pleasure.

Her mother had also been committed for trial, but she committed suicide at Cardiff Prison the day after admission.

DANCER'S MYSTERY FATE.

Verdict of Death from Drowning—Body on Beach.

LOS ANGELES, Friday.

At an inquest held at San Diego, in connection with the death of Fritzie Mann, the dancer, whose body was found on the beach on Monday, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Death from drowning in circumstances unknown.—Reuter.

PASSENGERS AS STOKERS.

Amateur Crew Bring Strike-Delayed Ship from Ireland.

A hundred first-class passengers, held up at Cork by a transport workers' strike, volunteered to replace the crew of the steamer *Classic* but the vessel left with passengers working in the stokehold in pyjamas and arrived at Fishguard a day late.

Wrecked by armed men, who tore up the rails, a goods train from Limerick to Tralee toppled down a steep embankment and the driver and fireman were killed.

DARKNESS FOR AN HOUR.

Turbine Accident Causes Stoppage of Electric Light.

St. Pancras was without electric light for an hour yesterday as a result of an accident at the electricity works.

Through some defect the rotor of a turbine became loose, and before anything could be done by the engineers it twisted round part of the turbine.

Arrangements for the continuance of the electricity supply were made, and in a little over an hour the works were in full swing.

THE DUKE GIVES HIS FIANCEE HER RING.

Large Sapphire Between Two Diamonds.

BLUE KASHMIR GEM.

Token Presented at Lunch to Lady Elizabeth.

The Duke of York presented Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon with her engagement ring yesterday.

It is, as Lady Elizabeth had shrewdly "guessed," a large Kashmir sapphire of true cornflower blue, with a slightly smaller diamond on either side.

The stones, which are large and of wonderful fire and brilliancy, are fixed in a claw setting of platinum.

This setting is so light that it is practically invisible when the ring is being worn.

How the ring was chosen was revealed yesterday. Last Tuesday the Duke of York asked a leading Court Jeweller to send a selection of sapphire rings to Buckingham Palace.

RESET.

Lady Elizabeth and her fiancé then "fixed" upon the ring of their choice, but it was found to be too large and the stones had to be reset.

By dint of late working the ring was ready for delivery at the Palace at noon yesterday.

The Duke took it with him to Bruton-street, where he went to lunch with his fiancé. He and Lady Elizabeth, with the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, are spending the week-end at Sandringham, where the preliminary plans for the wedding will be discussed with the King and Queen.

It is now regarded as extremely probable that the wedding will take place in Westminster Abbey towards the end of April.

The Duke of York will probably visit the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, on February 22.

The Queen motored yesterday from Sandringham to King's Lynn, and visited several places of historic interest.

The Prince of Wales has promised to visit Stratford-on-Avon during his tour in Warwickshire next June.

CINEMA IN BARON'S HALL.

To-night's Party at Arundel Castle for Duchess's Daughter.

For the first time in the history of Arundel Castle, Sussex, a cinema performance will be given to-night in the famous Baron's Hall.

At the request of the Duchess of Norfolk, the Jackie Coogan film, "Oliver Twist," and a new picture entitled "The Eternal Flame" will be presented.

The Duchess of Norfolk has arranged this entertainment as part of the week-end house-party festivities at the Castle to celebrate the coming-out of her eldest daughter, Lady Rachel Fitzalan-Howard.

MUSIC MASTER AND MAID.

French Professor Found Not Guilty of Serious Charge.

Described as a professor of music of Rheims and chief musical instructor to the Paris State Schools, Camille Couturier was found not guilty at the trial at Bury yesterday of an offence under the Criminal Law Amendment Act against a fifteen-year-old girl named Marie Chapman.

Couturier, who was a musical director at a London restaurant, lived with his wife at Paddington, and the girl Chapman was engaged as nursemaid to their little boy. The second day she was at his house it was alleged that he kissed her and committed the offence.

Denying the charge, Couturier said he explained to the girl that her blouse was too low and her skirts too high. He also told her she would have to leave, as she did not do her work.

£200 JEWELS CHARGE.

Man servant Who Vanished on First Night of New Duties.

Out of over 200 applicants for the position of manservant Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of Sevenoaks, selected Henry Daniel Seymour, of Gunter-grove, Chelsea.

On the day he took up his duties his employers went out for the evening and, returning, found Seymour absent and jewellery worth £200 missing.

Seymour and his wife, arrested at Putney, were charged with the theft yesterday, and Detective Enfield stated that the man said: "My wife knows nothing about this jewellery. Seymour was in secretarial to Mr. R. L. Pocock, who will retire on pension in March."

ZOO'S NEW SUPERINTENDENT.

Dr. Geoffrey Marr Ververs was yesterday appointed superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, N.W., in succession to Mr. R. L. Pocock, who will retire on pension in March.

LADIES' MIRROR

PLANNING THE SPRING WARDROBE.



The line of this cape-coat-frock possesses that disarming air of simplicity, and the hat is a perfect accompaniment.

ALWAYS at this time of the year one longs to slip into a neat little "serge" and don a light-weight hat of straw. The joy of our fur-trimmed suits is waning. We yearn to cast them from us—and pull a nosegay of spring flowers through our patent leather belts. To go out without a coat still seems the thrilling novelty it was in nursery days. We are sick of our furs, and our woollies make us weep. Hurry up, Spring, for we know you bring us new hopes, new ideas—and new clothes.

NEWEST SKIRTS.

When laying plans for your spring wardrobe remember to include a braided-coat-frock of fine serge with a wrap-over skirt. This is the newest note in skirts. Peggy O'Neil, as the heroine of "Plus Fours" at the Haymarket Theatre, wears one from which you may take hints. It is literally a wrap-over, with no seams, and imparts a slim, straight outline and perfect ease in walking.

POOR US!

I wish eminent novelists and playwrights would resist the temptation to preach to us women as soon as they start wielding a pen. Here is Temple Thurston following in Arnold Bennett's footsteps and, through the medium of his new play, "A Roof and Four Walls," impressing upon us that a woman's true sphere is her hearth and home in preference to a brilliant professional career. I hear that husbands are positively hurrying their wives to the Apollo.

LOVELY CLOTHES.

However, it's possible to forget the moral in the beauty of Phyllis Neilson-Terry and her frocks. Her suit of navy and scarlet has a Trilby-ish cape attached and a deep hip sash, while her magnificent wrap of cloth of gold lined with jade made us regard our own with haughty disfavour. Perhaps, after all, the husbands were not quite so clever!



Secretarial duties would be considerably brightened if one wore sapphire blue duvetyne embroidered like this.

PHILLIDA.

Make Jumpers that will retain their Shape

There is nothing artificial about Arden's "Star Sylko." Its lovely lustre is the real thing. Its silky softness cannot be equalled by imitations. And it gives you a wonderful variety of fascinating shades to choose from. Knit your Jumpers and Sports Coats with Arden's "Star Sylko."

It is a joy to knit with this famous thread. It gives you the loveliest results, and in wear and wash "Star Sylko" proves its superiority over all imitations.

Ardern's STAR SYLKO

A £400 PRIZE COMPETITION is announced in "Fancy Needlework Illustrated." Get a copy of No. 64 without delay, and make something which will bring you pleasure and profit too. Anyone can enter; a free coupon is given with every copy. Sold at Art-Needlework shops and Fancy Drapers, also by Newsagents. If any difficulty in obtaining the Journal, send 3d. for a copy to Northern School of Art-Needlework, Ltd. (Dept. 3), National Buildings, Manchester.

£400 IN PRIZES
Great Competition for Crochet-worked Articles, also for "STAR SYLKO" Jumpers, Sports Coats, etc.



"You do keep your Dolly's furniture nice."
"Yes, Auntie. I always use Mansion Polish for it."

A wonderful mirror-like finish to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum is quickly obtained by the use of

MANSION POLISH

SOLD IN TINS, 4d., 7½d., 1/- and 1/9.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish
BRILLIANT-PRESERVATIVE-WATERPROOF
SELLING IN BLACK·WHITE·BROWN·DARK TAN·DEEP TONE AND TONETTE.

Broadcasting!

No more valuable message for housewives has ever been broadcasted than that which for generations has announced that

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

makes the lightest, most delicious and dainty Bread, Cakes, Pastry, Puddings and Pies.

Cadbury's Milk Chocolate

ALSO WITH NUTS

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"



"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

1/3 HALF POUND BLOCK

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1923

"TO THE END."

FRANCE'S JUST AIMS IN THE RUHR.

THE confidence of the French is unabated in the success of their aims in the Ruhr.

"France," it was said yesterday, "will go on to the end." We fancy that the end will come sooner than is commonly supposed. For France can already claim tangible results from her chase of the German financiers.

For one thing, her grip upon the Ruhr has resulted in the diversion of thousands of tons of coal to the West from the regions for which the German dodgers designed it. The confiscation of the proceeds on the coal tax will be another useful reminder.

The organisers of the German hide-and-seek movement will for a time answer move by counter-move. As "big business" men they will soon see, however, that the game is up.

At present one of their counter-moves is the attempt to enlist German workers—whom they have consistently victimised—in a series of protest-movements against the French.

As a matter of fact, the French are better friends to these thousands of working-men than their own overlords and exploiters.

The Stinnes gang is trying to persuade the German miners and others that they are faced with starvation.

What has mainly brought them to that pass? The "defiant" policy of Stinnes and his friends.

What actually is protecting them against its consequences? The French organisation for the supply of foodstuffs and commodities in the Ruhr.

If there is panic in Germany, if that panic produces its effect upon the now almost worthless German currency, it is the magnates of the Ruhr who are to blame—not the French who, in seeking their rights, and the rights of all the Allies, are merely aiming at the final solution of a problem that would never have been settled by the official British method of delay and faith in the honesty of the Germans whose deliberate evasions are now plain to all the world.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE recent report about boys and girls in our secondary schools, and the divergency in their capacity for education, seems rather to contradict the usual criticisms on girls of the period.

That well-worn criticism will have it that girls are tomboyish, immodest, uncontrollable.

Here we read (with pleasure) that they are "amenable to discipline"; that they have "a greater respect for authority than boys"; that they are "more industrious" and "more conscientious."

If so they must also change more than boys do as they grow up! For young women are not remarkably more "amenable to discipline" than young men.

And perhaps it is true, indeed, that the little girl differs more from her later self, than the growing boy does from the grown man.

The expert educationist—a Jowett or an Arnold—can often guess at the future of a youth.

The boy is now a dominant Captain of Games or a masterful leader of school debates. He will "go in for politics" or read for the Bar—according to his parental protection, or financial circumstances. Male careers are more clearly mapped out, male destinies more calculable, than those of women.

With a little girl "you never can tell." What she is at twelve is often no clue to what she may be at twenty. We have known docile infants who have turned into advanced rebels after schooldays.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

France and the Ruhr—Sons and Husbands—Young Men and Their Clothes—Modern Children.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

WHAT a relief it is to see that at least one nation in the world is not taken in by the Hun!

Could it have been forty-four years ago that a portion of the English public, and even the English Government, would soon be incapable of remembering the wolf merely because he has put on a sheep's skin? FRIDERICK WESTON. Warminster, Wilts.

LANCASHIRE AND LILLE.

ANYONE with a little common sense can see that France is not only justified, but restrained in her action.

The mines round Lens were first exploited by the Germans during the war, when all the available coal was sent to the "Fatherland."

MODERN CHILDREN.

WHY—so much talk about the "reform" of the modern child?

The war did much to make children what they are, and one often finds a child of twelve with the knowledge of one of nearly double that age.

The behaviour of modern children will not alter so long as they are "pulled to bits" by complaining men and women. It is best to let them go on in their own sweet way—up to a certain point.

I prefer the modern child with a little "nauce" in him to the goody-goody type of some ten years ago.

It is depressing to see a small boy of eight or ten sitting with hands crossed, not daring to say a word or to do anything, lest he should be

PROTECTION FROM COLDS: A POSSIBILITY.



Hundreds of our readers complain of the common cold nuisance. Would it be any good protecting ourselves in this manner?

and then they were crippled if not entirely destroyed.

The French are now getting a little—a very little—of their own back, and they do not intend to damage the industry of the Ruhr. Imagine Lancashire having gone through what the region of Lille has suffered! Then we would not read any of the pro-German articles that appear in some organs of our Press. Bolton. LANCASHIRE LAD.

MEN'S DULL CLOTHES.

"A VICTORIAN FATHER" complains that his sons spend their money in sampling new kinds of shirts, socks and ties. He should delight in the knowledge that his sons take a pride in their personal appearance.

The young men of to-day are doing all they can to brighten up the dullness of men's clothes. We know that such things weren't done in the early Victorian days, but times have changed since then.

I have been looking at some photographs—mostly groups—that my father had taken at school. I have never seen such freaks in my life! The young men in the groups are dressed in badly-fitting flannels, ugly shoes, and, above all (much to my horror), are to be seen wearing beads.

Imagine the schoolboy of to-day wearing a beard! It would be a new fashion, certainly, but not many would adopt it! I and my school chums will go on buying socks and ties, as long as we have the pocket money and are in London for the holidays.

I am all for the reforming of men's clothes. MODERN SCHOOLBOY.

called mischievous. I love to see a boy of that age romping about. It is good for his body, and does much towards the development of mind and muscle. MODERN FATHER.

DEVOTED SON.

I AM certain that every woman instinctively admires the man who is devoted to his mother.

At the moment the wife may have cause to complain of her husband's devotion to her mother-in-law, but, supposing she has children of her own, in later years she will be proud in the knowledge that her sons and daughters are devoted to their mother.

A sensible, broad-minded wife understands this.

There is always a certain amount of "give and take" in marriage, and the wife should content herself with the knowledge that the love her husband bears to his mother is not the same as that she receives herself.

MARRIED TO A DEVOTED SON.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 19.—The most valuable hardy flowers of late autumn are certainly the border chrysanthemums. From September until far into November they make a fine show of colour in the garden and are, of course, much in request for cutting.

The roots, placed under cover early in December have now sent up plenty of shoots suitable for inserting as cuttings in this date. Plant them in boxes of sandy mould and keep in a cold frame. They will quickly root. E. P. T.

NO MORE OPERA IN LONDON?

WHAT COULD BE DONE TO SAVE COVENT GARDEN.

By OUR MUSICAL CRITIC.

THE British National Opera Company's season at Covent Garden comes to an end to-night with a "mixed" programme composed of bits of "Aida" and bits of "La Bohème."

These weeks of winter opera have been very well patronised.

It hardly needs to be proved that there is a very large public for opera in London.

That public has its defects, no doubt.

For one thing, it shows a curious reluctance to take to new operas.

The more often an opera is played, the more popular it becomes: which, indeed, is perfectly intelligible. Many people on the whole like familiar music, as children like tunes they have heard before.

Hence the 500th performance of "Bohème" and the 5,000th of "Faust" will draw fuller houses than, say, the fifteenth of "Pelléas" or the fifth of "The Barber of Bagdad."

That does not mean that the two last-named works are inferior to the first two. Quite the contrary! It means that our musical public has still a rather undeveloped taste.

But the taste, as I said, is there. And it could be developed if there were an Opera House to develop it.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC?

Alas, there is none! There is an occasional beneficent descent of the "British" enthusiasts. Then we have Covent Garden—really a beautiful and dignified "house"—given over to revue. Mme. Melba mentioned and deplored this fact at the performance on Wednesday night.

What is to be done about it? The largest city in the world is almost the only capital city without a permanent opera!

The problem is difficult, because undoubtedly Grand Opera is a terribly expensive amusement.

It was only supported in old pre-war days by the contributions of a wealthy "syndicate."

In other countries there are State endowments, but these are now inadequate, as the Paris opera finds. And in the present state of our national finances the idea of State endowment is utterly out of the question.

What is needed, at least, is enough money guaranteed to cover rent and essential running expenses.

For this purpose, it is conceivable that a sort of general subscription system might be organised amongst the music-loving public: just as the public do already help to maintain other institutions that don't "pay."

Subscribers would, of course (as in pre-war days), have special privileges. But instead of appealing (as used to be done) to a narrow coterie, an aristocratic few, the appeal would be to a much larger audience.

That audience (I repeat) exists, as the crowded performances at this season have abundantly shown. Can nothing be done to rally their goodwill and invite their collaboration? The efforts of the "British" company have, anyhow, shown the way and made a very courageous start.

IF YOU WORRY, READ THIS.

Useful Hints for Dark Days.

Worry never brought any good to anybody. Still, you say, "I don't worry because I want to; it is because I can't help it." or, "I have so much to worry about."

We all have our troubles, and worry, of course, makes matters worse. The patient generally recognises this fact without being influenced in any way by it.

The doctor who could meet this nervous condition and cure it would be the most popular man alive. He cannot do it, however, because the form of nervous exhaustion known as neurasthenia, of which worry is a characteristic symptom, must be cured to a large extent by the patient.

But as the nerves depend upon the blood for nourishment, it naturally follows that by re-invigorating the blood the patient is tackling the actual root of the trouble. And that is what Dr. Williams' pink pills have proved so successful in cases of neurasthenia and nervous debility, for they supply the pure rich blood necessary to feed the nerves.

Send today for the book, "The Nerves and Their Needs," and read the chapter on neurasthenia. A copy will be sent free if you write to Postal Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.

You can begin to get well now, for Dr. Williams' pink pills are to be obtained of all chemists; or direct from above address, 25c. per box, post free. Good for men and women too. (Advt.)

AT ALT CAR CLUB'S MEETING



Keenly interested in the performances of their charges' rivals.

KU KLUX KLAN PROSECUTION



Front line of the public benches in the courtroom at Bastrop when members of the Ku Klux Klan were put on trial for alleged offences against the law in Louisiana. Inset, Judge Fred M. Odor, who presided on the bench.



The hareman taking home the morning's kill—by no means an inconsiderable load.

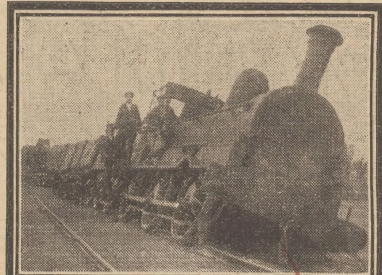
At Altcar Coursing Club meeting, Hill House, Altcar, Liverpool. There was a first-class entry, and sport was of the best. A goodly number of spectators gathered to enjoy it.



THE VICTORS' TRIUMPH.—Gallooley, the goal scorer, carried shoulder high on his arrival home from Nottingham after the Cup-tie victory of Plymouth Argyle. There was a huge crowd at the station.



Charles, the French light-weight boxer, who is to meet Danny Frush next Wednesday, Jan. 24, at Hoxton Baths, London.



The "breakdown" train thrown well off the line.



WESTWARD HO!—Two members of the first German opera company to visit the U.S.A. since the war, at Southampton. With Bradley, Newcastle United goalkeeper, who with other members of the team bade them good-bye.



After the wreckers had done their destructive work.

ON DUBLIN-WATERFORD MAIN LINE.—Repair train held up and wrecked by armed men while on its way to Ballywilliam, Co. Wexford, to salvage derailed train.



Use Cuticura And Watch Your Skin Improve.

Nothing better to cleanse and purify the skin and to keep it free from pimples and blackheads than Cuticura Soap for every-day toilet use. Assist with Cuticura ointment when necessary. Cuticura Talcum is also ideal for the skin. Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold throughout the Empire. British Export, Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, London, E.C.1.

☛ Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

HAVE YOU MET THE PIANO BORE?

Of course, He or she is everywhere. Yet a good pianist is the most welcome guest in any home. Why? He or she 500 "linkers" at the piano for every one who affords pleasure and holds you spellbound. It is because ordinary practice is wrong. There is a better way without mechanical Practice! I have taught thousands by post with consistent success during twenty-one years. Illustrated instructions, crystal clear, a teacher with you always in your own home. Start without knowing a note or just where you are now—I grade the lessons and

298, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

ADVICE to MOTHERS

GIVE Your Baby Dr. Ridge's Food and he will sleep peacefully, be free from diarrhoea and constipation, will put on firm flesh, be happy, healthy and strong. Ridge's goes farthest, and is, therefore, the cheapest. Doctors recommend it everywhere. Sixty years success. Of all chemists.

TINS 9d., 1s. 6d., 3s. and 6s.

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word minimum 5s.; name and address must be sent. Trade adts. 1s. 6d. per word.

CRIMMER Lamb.—Will any persons who have purchased during the last 18 months a coat of or trimmed with crimmer lamb please once come, consult with Mr. Arthur S. Joseph, Solicitor, 3 and 4, Pauls Bakehouse Court, Doctors Commons, London, E.C.4.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W.12. Min. Tube. COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

TO Parents and Guardians.—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd. (est. 25 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy: youths from 16 upwards trained for these services and positions obtained; moderate fees.—Apply for pros., Dept. D.M., 262, Earl's Court-rd., S.W.3.

DRESS.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Complete Outfit, 21s., worth £37; robes, gowns, etc.; call or send 3d. for list of prices and approval.—Mrs. Hearn, 251, Uxbridge-rd., Shepherd's Bush. A BABY'S magnificent complete layette; every required garment, Swiss robes, Swiss day gowns, embroidered nighties, wrapper vests, head shawls, flannels, towels, robes, etc.; really good, approval.—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham. A BABY'S superior layette, complete, 19s. 6d.; wool maine coats, Swiss christening robes, embroidered day and night gowns, batists, binders, vests, Turkish napkins, etc.; send 2s. for parcel on app.—Nurse, 94, Kingston-rd., Portsmouth. BEAUTIFUL Suede Skins—Delightful colourings, ideal for making innumerable useful articles, useful articles, remunerative, interesting hobby; 3d. brings cuttings, suggestions, prices.—Queer Shoe Company, Kettering. "LIGANT Musquas, Seal, Coney Coat, latest style, roll collar, rich" silk lined, superb 40gn. model, as new, 3 guineas; approval.—Maid, Claydon-rd., S.W.8. LADY offers 70s. gab. (coat for 21s.; gent's 21s.; new; approval.—Woodward, Gorton-rd., Coventry.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHIAS, STILES AND CO.—Pianos by high-grade makers, new and second-hand, for sale, hire or hire-purchase; inspection invited.—74-76, Southampton-row, W.C.1. Phone Museum 439. PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly.—Parker's, 167, Bishopsgate.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE and Co., Ltd. Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1923 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening, free, if this paper is mentioned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A LADY'S Free Booklet sent on Permanent Hair Wave at home.—Gaty's, 5, Blenheim-st., Bond-st., W.1. ARTICLE or Story Writing Pays; trial lesson free.—Manager, Premier School, 4, Adam-st., W.2. CARNIVAL Novelties.—P-per hats, rattles, streamers, balloons, and novelties for dances, parties, etc.; send for list.—Clay, 12, Lauderdale-parade, Maida Vale, London, W.9. COYOTE, Enlarged Glands, Testis and Tumours, quickly and permanently cured without operation; testimonial books and advice free.—M. Druzman, M.B., Specialist (Dept. "G"), Medical Hall 44, Broadway, Gray. IMPORTANT to Ladies.—Poupees, tails, transformations, wigs, and all kinds of hair-work at less than half usual price; illustrated catalogue post free.—Dept. C, Midland Hair Mfg. Co., 24-26, Radford, Nottingham. PLAYS, Dialogues, Stamp Speeches, English, Irish and Scotch, Reciters, song books, joke books and funny stories; few jokes, house names, recitations and riddles for children, dream books, fortune-tellers, etc.; send 5d. McGlenon's wonderful catalogue.—Felix McGlenon, Ltd. (Desk No. 51), 9, City Garden-row, London, E.C.1.



The Countess of Shaftesbury, extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary. She is a sister of the Duke of Westminster.



Miss Leila Tufnell, daughter of Brig.-Gen. C. Tufnell, C.B., whose marriage to Mr. Jack Melford, the actor, takes place to-day.

AT YORK COTTAGE.

A Political Parable—On the Riviera—Miss Leitch and Goff.

THE VISIT THIS WEEK-END of the Duke of York and his fiancée to Sandringham recalls the interesting and romantic association of York Cottage, which has always been King George's favourite country retreat. The present King and his bride spent part of their honeymoon in that house. It was in the summer of 1893. They were then known as the Duke and Duchess of York, and their succession to the Throne came seventeen years later.

Lady Elizabeth's Fringe.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon is one of the few girls in society who adopted the rather French fashion of a small straight fringe. It requires a piquant face to stand it just as a classical profile is wanted to stand the hair being dragged off the forehead.

At St. Peter's, Eaton-Square.

A friend who attended the christening yesterday afternoon of Lord Sandon's son and heir seems to have been most struck by the fact that the happy father had attired himself in a black coat, a red tie and a bowler hat. Are these things signs of the times? Lord Sandon's parents, the Earl and Countess of Harrowby, and his parents-in-law, Viscount and Viscountess Deerbury, were present. The baby did not take kindly to the baptismal inclemency!

Peace on the Riviera.

"Regular Riveraites" might be used as a label to attach to Admiral Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, for they are once more off to their favourite Cannes. They invariably put up there at the staid and restful Grand Hotel—where there is no dancing and where the sound of the jazz band is never heard!

Golden Age!

Long before Lady Meux was married to Admiral Meux, in the days when she was the wife of the late Viscount Chelsea, she used to visit the Riviera, and at Monte Carlo used to belong to the coterie which included the late Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Fitzgibbon, Lady Sarah Wilson and Mrs. George Keppel.

Peer's Engagement.

Lord Raglan has just become engaged to Lord and Lady Belhaven and Stenton's only daughter, Miss Julia Hamilton, who is just twenty-two. It was only the year before last that Lord Raglan succeeded his father, the well-known ex-Governor of the Isle of Man. He entered the Grenadiers, but much of his Army career has been spent abroad, and during the war he served in the Sudan with the Egyptian Army. He is thirty-seven.

Society and Football.

To-day at Twickenham will be in the nature of a society function as well as a great struggle for supremacy between the English and Welsh fifteens. Rugby football in the South is purely an amateur game, and the international matches attract a crowd, which reminds one of an Eton and Harrow match, in furs and overcoats.



The "Manager."

Mr. Marriott, whose photograph appears here, is the "big man" at Twickenham. He was a great Rugby player in his day, and is now secretary of the Rugby Union. He played for

Cambridge University for three seasons, and for two years was captain of Blackheath, which is one of the famous clubs. He lives at Cole Court, a charming place not far from Twickenham Station.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

Taking the Floor!

Captain and Mrs. Dudley Coats, who were country hosts to the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry the other day at a small dance they gave, are the son and daughter-in-law of Sir Stuart Coats, of cotton fame. Mrs. Coats is the youngest of Mrs. Brinton's three girls, and was Miss Audrey James, a "petite brunette," who has been made much of ever since she was in the schoolroom. She has no town residence of her own, but makes her home at her parents-in-law's house in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, where Lady Coats has given up a floor to them.

The Heroic Tramp.

I have just been reading the opening instalments of "Under False Pretences," the new *Daily Mirror* serial, which starts on Monday. It is a story quite off the beaten track. Robin Marchant will appeal to our readers as one of the most attractive heroes Mr. St. John Cooper has ever created, even though he does disguise himself as a tramp!

The Odd One.

Mr. R. C. Carton, the dramatist, said recently that he never went into a theatre—he simply couldn't stand it. I sympathise with him at moments when the modern drama keeps me from more interesting occupations. I have not yet seen his new play, "The Incurables," which is running in the provinces, but I hear Mr. Percy Hutchinson has persuaded this author of many plays to rechristen his latest "One Too Many." Is this tempting providence?

Duchess of Grafton's Daughter.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Isolda Borthwick to Sir George Cooper's son, who was a popular officer in the Greys. Miss Borthwick's mother is the Duchess of Grafton, and the bride-to-be has a baby step-sister of a few months old.



Duchess of Grafton.

Visiting.

Lord and Lady Anglesey are making London their headquarters for the winter, but are doing a good deal of visiting. From Belvoir they went to Wilton to stay with Lord Anglesey's sister, and they are now on a visit at Welbeck, where the Duchess of Portland has been entertaining relays of guests.

Architecture and Nature.

A correspondent reminds me that this is the twenty-third anniversary of the death of John Ruskin, who laid down the law that architecture to be beautiful must be based on nature. I do not know exactly what this means. Most modern architecture is based on the fact that someone invented steel girders and reinforced concrete. There is the beauty of utility about the great square buildings that are now going up in London, and I suppose that is natural.

What of Ruskin?

Ruskin enunciated the theory that all iron-work should be painted black, which seems nowadays to be a small thing to worry about. In London it gets black soon enough, whatever colour it is painted. Ruskin's reputation is still in the melting pot. When I was reading him the artists used to say that his political economy was good and the political economists used to say that, whatever he wasn't, he was certainly a good art critic! And the literary stylists used to say that he was "sugary."

A Learned Prelate.

Dr. A. C. Headlam, who is to be consecrated Bishop of Gloucester next Thursday, is one of the most scholarly divines in the Church of England, and his work in London as Principal of King's College is still remembered. Five years ago he was chosen to succeed the late Dr. Scott Holland at Oxford.

Veteran V.C.

One of the most interesting week-end birthdays is that of General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., who ever since he was forty—and he is ninety-to-morrow—has been in the service of the Royal Family. In his younger days, Sir Dighton Probyn was one of the bravest men in the Army, and his Cross was won not merely by one conspicuous act of gallantry, but as the result of a whole series of

A Film Favourite.

Wallace Reid, the film actor, whose death has come as a great surprise to thousands who watched his attractive personality on the screen and had no idea he was a drug victim, made his first appearance on the stage at the age of four. His father and mother were theatrical people, and he was a "prodigy." He had the sense to dislike this unnatural life, persuaded his parents to send him to school, and eventually to enter him as a cadet for the Army. Then he changed his mind and became a reporter on a New Jersey paper.

Birth of a "Star."

When young Reid became concerned with the films he had no thought of acting in the "silent drama." He learned to operate a camera, wrote scenarios and was entirely interested in the technical side of picture production. His personal attractiveness, however, soon told. Finally D. W. Griffith gave him a part in the remarkable "Birth of a Nation" picture, after which he became public property. His wife, Dorothy Davenport, was formerly a film actress. Their only son is now seven years old.

Famous Lady Golfer.

I learn that Miss Cecil Leitch, the famous golf player, is going to Cannes next week, where she will have some practice. She has not played golf since she lost the championship to Miss Wethered at Sandwich last year, having been ordered to rest her right arm in consequence of a torn muscle. It depends on how she gets on at practice in the Riviera whether she will attempt this year to regain her lost championship.

Queen Anne's Birthplace.

I hear that efforts are being made to secure York House, Twickenham—which has been empty for some months—as a new town hall. The house has many historic associations. It was at one time the property of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and father of Queen Anne, and here, on February 6, 1665, Queen Anne herself was born.



Miss Mary Clara, who will succeed Miss Helen Haye as Mrs. Mainwaring in "Secrets" on Monday.



Latest portrait of Miss Sybil Thorndike, who appears in "Advertising April" at the Criterion on Thursday.

Getting Ready.

This week has seen the departure of many notabilities from the fogs of London for more equable and sunnier climes. Amongst these are the Earl and Countess of Birkenhead, who have just left for a holiday in Spain. Lord Birkenhead is due to "call" on the Lloyd George party at Algeiras, where Mr. Winston Churchill has expressed his intention of "dropping in." Mr. Austen Chamberlain is also in the neighbourhood. Parliament (including the Opposition) reassembles on February 13!

Nautical Notion.

The news that the good ship Trotsky and the equally good ship Leonid Krassin, both ex Archangel, recently visited the port of London thrills me. It is a pretty notion to name a craft after prominent Socialists, and one which, adopted in this country, would win the approbation of the Seamen's Union. What A.B. or other rating could think of a lightning strike aboard the s.s. Sidney Webb?

A Parable.

Should the notion be adopted, I expect one day to read in my morning newspaper something like the following:—

The barque John Newbold, during yesterday's storm, off Westminster Bridge ran foul of the schooner Ramsay MacDonald's. The John Newbold suffered serious damage, being cut in halves amidstships. She sank at once, but her crew took comfort from the fact that in her last moments their ill-fated vessel was equally divided in accordance with their principles. Two of the boats were swamped and fifteen of the crew were drowned. The rest were landed by the lifeboat Bonar Law.

THE RAMBLER.



**JACOB & CO'S
RIPPLE
BISCUITS**

A Biscuit with the flavour of real Shortbread. Small and dainty, yet not so small that the full flavour cannot be realised from a single biscuit. The hostess with perfect taste chooses Jacob & Co's "Ripple Biscuits."

Made by
W. & R. JACOB & Co., Ltd.

The original makers of the world-famous "Cream Crackers"

THE NEW GOLFING GIRL



Mr. C. Aubrey Smith (left) and Miss Peggy O'Neil in the golfing suit complete with "plus fours" which she wears in the play called "Plus Fours," which was produced last night at the Haymarket Theatre.—
(Daily Mirror photograph.)

BETROTHAL CARNATION



Watering the new carnations which are to be named after Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon at the Stewart Low Nurseries, Bush Hill Park, London. Inset, one of the blooms, scarlet-pink in colour.

TO-DAY'S RU



Covering the Twickenham ground with
The two captains—right,



M. Stern, the last of Chopin's pupils, dead of cold and hunger in a Paris garret when nearly 100 years old.



IN THE WEST COUNTRY.—Princess Victoria on her arrival at Plymouth. She is on a short visit to Devonshire. Colonel Holland, commanding South-Western area, welcomed her Royal Highness.



Some of the Welsh team and
There has been a tremendous demand
enhanced to-day, when Engla



GETTING READY FOR ACTION.—Recruits for the new Irish Civic Guard doing some "physical jerks" in the course of their intensive training. The authorities are anxious to have them fit as soon as possible.



SWIMMERS MARRIED.—Jack Weidman, the swimmer well known for his attempts to cross the Channel, and, inset, Miss Lilian Perkins, also a long-distance swimmer, who were married last Wednesday in London.



AT WORPLESDON.—Mr. R. H. Bettington, of Oxford University, right, and Mr. E. A. Tooth, of Worpleston, waiting on the tee during the match in which the Worpleston team were victorious.



This Polly is one of the actor's great pals.

THE DOMESTICATED PIRATE.—"At home" portraits of Mr. Pitt Chatham, who has notable success at the Kingsway Theatre in "Polly," which seems launched on a career

Mr. Pitt Chatham
to ma

INTERNATIONAL

READY FOR NEW MARVELS

THE JUMP AND THE FALL



of to-day's international Rugby match. Inset: s (England) and Clem Lewis (Wales).



with their mascot (centre) at Paddington. England-Wales Rugby international at Twickenham, will avenge last year's defeat.



Michael Mackenzie, son of Sir John Martin Harvey, who is making a first appearance on the London stage next month.



With his daughter and Bunch, the rabbit, a relative of Wilfred's.



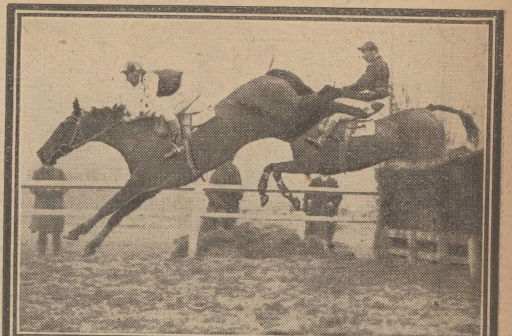
The Earl of Carnarvon at Victoria, before leaving for Egypt for further investigation into the marvels of Tutankhamen's tomb. Never before has an archaeological discovery aroused such interest.



GOLD-SEEKING FLIGHT.—Mr. Alan S. Butler, the well-known English airman, who is planning to fly to Labrador in search of the goldfields which have been lately reported to be there.



Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is receiving congratulations on attaining his seventy-third birthday anniversary.



Above, Hawker leading at last jump in St. Leonards Steeplechase at Windsor yesterday and (below) his fall when he landed. He is followed by Square Dance, the winner.



Mr. G. Waller's Twickenham (right) following Mrs. Heybourn's Glass Idol (the grey) in the Clarence Hurdle Race before scoring his first win over hurdles. Glass Idol was third.



WELL BALANCED.—Mr. Willis with the one-wheel cycle which he rode from Manchester to Rochdale, twelve miles, in one hundred minutes without a stop—a remarkable performance.



"SPECTACLED" BEAR.—Sambo, the "Spectacled bear" from Peru, a new arrival at the Zoo. It is so named on account of the markings round the eyes. Its companion was washed overboard during the voyage here.

Bunch and Jim, the cat, in amicable relations.

parallel that of "The Beggar's Opera." He is, as will be gathered, one of the mildest of pirates in his domestic environment. —(Daily Mirror photographs.)



CIRCUSES.
CRYSTAL PALACE CIRCUS and RACE TRACK.—Last week, to-day, 2.30, 7.30. Children under 12 half-price.
CIRCUS and XMAS FAIR, OLYMPIA.—LAST DAY, 2.30 and 8. Hammersmith 2729 and agencies.

MARKETING BY POST.
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
FISH.—Fresh from the sea, carriage paid to your door: sample package 4s.; special terms to Clubs, Colleges, etc.; price list free. 10 years' reputation for quality and value.—**Live Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.**

ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

CRYSTAL PALACE CIRCUS AND RACE TRACK.—Last perf. to-day, 2.30, 7.30. Children under 12 half-price. **CIRCUS AND K&AS FAIR, 4, VIMPIA.**—LAST DAY, 2.30 and 8. Hamersmith 2729 and agencies.

MARKETING BY POST.
Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

FISH.—Fresh from the sea, carriage paid to your door: sample package 4s.; special terms to Clubs, Colleges, etc.; prices for quantities. **WATERBURY'S** selection for quality and value.—**Live Fish Co., Grimsby Docks.**

PIP AND SQUEAK

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

No. 67.—THE NEW "BABES IN THE WOOD" RESCUED BY WILFRED'S MOTHER



1. "What a lovely wood!" said Pip. "I'm sure it's full of rats! Come on!"



2. Led by Pip, the pets began to explore the wood. It was very dark and gloomy.



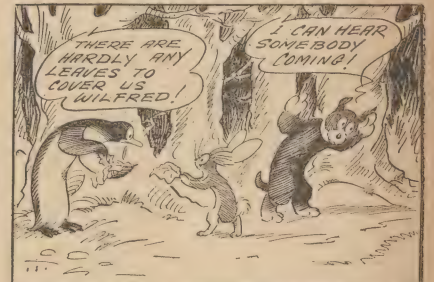
3. Poor Squeak began to think of the babes in the wood, and the wicked uncles.



4. Suddenly an owl flew out with a loud scream! Even Pip was startled.



5. Then the pets found they were lost! Night was coming on, and the wood grew darker and darker.



6. Poor Squeak was just preparing to gather some leaves to cover them up when Pip—



7. —heard somebody coming, and the next moment a huge rabbit rushed up!



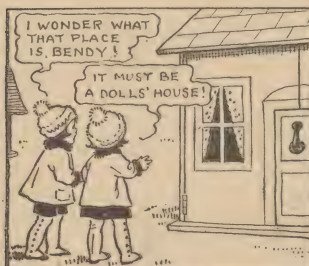
8. It was Wilfred's mother, and she offered to lead them home. (Note Wilfred's proud expression!)



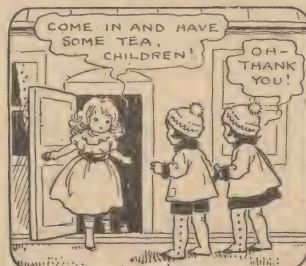
9. The dear old thing guided them all safely back to the edge of the wood.

BILLY AND BENDY IN TOYLAND: No. 5

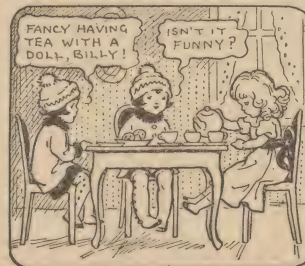
The children are invited out to tea in a doll's house this week.



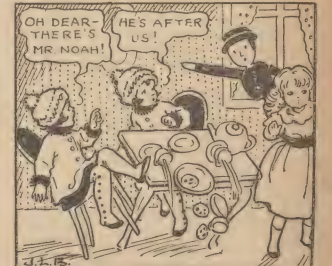
1. Just then Billy and Bendy noticed the funniest little house they had ever seen. "It must be a doll's house!" said Bendy. "It's just like mine!"



2. At that moment the door opened and a pretty, golden-haired doll appeared. "Come and have a cup of tea with me, children!" she said.



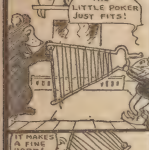
3. It was great fun having tea in the doll's house. "What a ducky little place, isn't it, Billy?" Bendy whispered, in delight. "I should love to live here!"



4. They were enjoying themselves so much, when suddenly the window flew open and Mr. Noah looked in. "Be's after us!" screamed Bendy.

WILL MR. NOAH CATCH THE CHILDREN? YOU WILL SEE IN NEXT SATURDAY'S INSTALMENT OF THIS JOLLY PICTURE-SERIAL

THE BEAR AND THE MOUSE AND

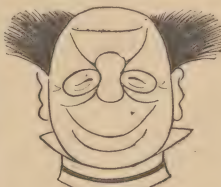


THEIR HOME-MADE ORCHESTRA.

MR. TOPSY-TURVY.
A Very "Two-Faced"
Gentleman!

LET me introduce you to Mr. Topsy-Turvy. As you see, he is apparently a very genial, good-natured gentleman. You can tell by his broad, honest smile that he is always ready to do a good turn, and no doubt he can laugh heartily at a joke.

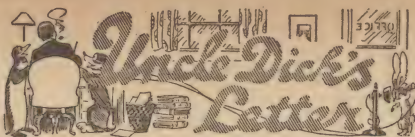
But alas! Mr. Topsy-Turvy is rather a "two-faced" gentleman! Although he is so bright and cheerful when you



Turn this page upside down and see Mr. Topsy-Turvy's other face!

look him in the face, he has a very different side to his character behind your back.

Just turn this page upside-down and then have a look at Mr. Topsy-Turvy. You will see that instead of greeting you with a happy, friendly smile, he will scowl and frown as if he can't bear the sight of you! That is just the worst of being "two-faced!"



At Home, Saturday, Jan. 20, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I have no special news for you to-day, so I will give you the general news of our little family—it is only about very ordinary things, so you needn't read it unless you like. Let me see—yes, Christopher has gone back to school, thank good—No; I don't mean to say that. We have been very pleased to have him for the Christmas holidays, but I must say it is nice to have the house quiet for at least five minutes at a time! Yes, Christopher has gone back; I have had this brief note from him:—"Dear Nunc,—Am in higher form this term. Lost purse in train—awfully broke."

—Your Loving Nephew, C."

Aunt Emma is quite well, I am glad to say; her parrot, however, is very poorly—suffering from a slight attack of "flu," I believe. Sits all day in its cage and mopes.

THE PETS ARE STILL YOUNG!

My Great Aunt Fanny, who lives in a little cottage by the sea—you may remember she once spent a few days with us—is also in the best of health. In a letter to me she sends her love to "all the boys and girls."

As for ourselves, we are all quite contented and happy, thank you. Wilfred is still the same adorable little rabbit as when he first came to our house; Squeak is, of course, a little older than she was, but—you would never guess it. Pip, with his merry brown eyes and cheery ways, could never possibly grow old.

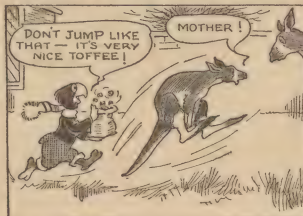
Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

Mrs. Kangaroo thought the little parrot was chasing her baby!



1. "Have a toffee, dear!" said Horace to the baby kangaroo.



2. But the little fellow took fright and fled for his life.



3. "How dare you chase my baby!" cried Mrs. Kangaroo. Poor Horace!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Worlock, the son of a famous explorer, sees his father off on an expedition. On his return he finds his uncle's house on fire. He rescues a little dog from the flames, but everyone thinks he himself has perished. A milkman eventually discovers him, half dazed.

DEREK'S NEW HOME.

WHEN he next came to himself it was some time before Derek realised what had happened. He was in bed in a spotlessly clean room, but it was a room he knew he had never seen before.

Seated in a chair by the fireside was a motherly-looking woman. When she realised that Derek was awake she came over to the bedside at once.

"Well," she asked in a cheerful voice, "how are you feeling now?"

"I think I'm feeling all right," replied Derek "but—where am I?"

"Don't you worry your head about that! I'm Mrs. Binks, the milkman's wife. When my husband found you and your little dog wandering about—"

Derek did not hear any more. At the mention of the little dog everything came back to him suddenly. "I must go to the hospital at once," he said hurriedly. "I must see how my uncle's getting on. Besides, he'll wonder what's happened to me."

He made to get out of bed, but Mrs. Binks laid a restraining hand on his shoulder. "Oh, no, you don't!" she said firmly, but kindly. "You'll be in bed for another couple of days at least. After that we'll see what can be done."

She did not take seriously what he had said about his uncle, but put it down to light-headedness, brought about by the burns he had received.

It was almost a week before Derek was fit to get up again, and even then he felt the effects of the burns he had received. Both Mr. and Mrs. Binks treated him with every kindness.

Their own boy had gone away to sea as a cabin boy, and they often felt lonely without any youngster about the house. Mr. Binks had once suggested that they ought to report having found Derek to the police, but the milkman's wife was all against such a plan.

"What's the good of it?" she asked. "We can look after him as well as anyone else, and when he's better he'll be able to tell us who he is."

Not only had these two kind folk found a home for Derek; they had also taken in the



Derek gazed at the notice and his eyes lit up with excitement.

little puppy whom the boy had so bravely rescued from the fire.

On the very first day that Mrs. Binks allowed him out of doors Derek inquired the way to the hospital to which his uncle had been taken. He walked boldly up the steps that led to the front entrance, but was then stopped by the man at the door.

"Well, sonny, what can I do for you?"

"I want to see my uncle, Mr. George Spalding," replied Derek. "He was badly burnt in the fire last week and brought here."

The man was staring hard at him. "Your uncle?" he exclaimed at last. "What a young rascal you are! Mr. Spalding was no uncle of yours!"

"What do you mean?" asked Derek hotly. "I'm his nephew; I'm—"

"His nephew indeed! Don't talk rubbish. His nephew—poor little chap—was burnt in the fire."

Derek was horrified. He saw clearly that the man took him for an impostor. Still, it only he could see his uncle!

"I know you don't believe me," he said to the man, "but I'm telling you the truth. If you'll take me to my uncle—"

"It can't be done, my lad. Your uncle left the hospital two days ago."

"Left the hospital?" Derek's dismay showed in his voice, and had the man bothered to think he would have been convinced that the boy was no impostor. "Can you tell me where he's gone?"

"I did hear that he's gone abroad," replied the man. "What with the burns he received at the shock of losing his young nephew, he was dreadfully upset. They say he's gone on a long sea voyage to recover his health."

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

FOR a moment Derek was too dismayed to speak. What was he to do? Suddenly it dawned on him that he was alone in the world. Except for Mr. and Mrs. Binks, he had not a friend in London to whom he could turn for help.

Of course, he might have gone to the nearest police station and told his story. But he had been disbelieved once, and he felt it was possible that he might again be suspected of being an impostor. He shrank from the prospect, and determined that first he would return to the Binks' house.

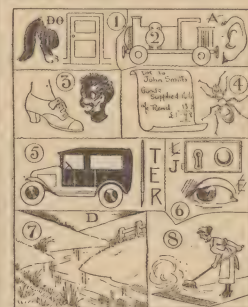
Then he remembered how curiously Mrs. Binks had looked at him when he told her who he was. It was not that she didn't believe him exactly, but she thought his terrible experience in the fire had left him rather muddled in his brain.

As he walked back towards the milkman's house Derek began to realise that he would have to earn his own living. Mr. and Mrs. Binks, he knew, were not very wealthy, not rich enough, at any rate, to keep him in idleness. In normal circumstances Uncle George would have found a school for his nephew, but now, of course, everything was changed.

"I shall have to get some work somewhere," muttered the boy. And then suddenly his eye caught sight of a notice pasted on to an office window:—

Wanted: Smart office boy. Apply within. For a moment he gazed at it in silence. Then his eyes lit up with excitement. "I wonder," he muttered. "I wonder—"

(Tell all your friends about this splendid serial. Next Saturday's instalment will tell you how Derek starts on the road to fame and fortune.)



For the correct and neatest solution I am awarding:—

First Prize	£2 10 0
Second Prize	2 0 0
Third Prize	1 10 0
Sixty Prizes of	0 5 0

Send your entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Occupations), Pip and Squeak, care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard, London, E.C.4. Only children under sixteen are eligible for this competition, which closes on January 29.

TEDDY MADE A FINE SNOWMAN



BUT HIS SNEEZE GAVE HIM AWAY!

THE WAY OF SACRIFICE

By E. ALMAZ STOUT



Primrose.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MRS. WOOD, an invalid not likely to live much longer, is very anxious for her daughter Primrose to marry Sir Stanley Bitcham, the Squire of Whilcomb.

"Give her back her life," he says. "It is her right to become very well of each other, so that the engagement is expected daily. But Helen, a beautiful girl, appears on the scene and, to Mrs. Wood's dismay, sweeps Sir Stanley right off his feet."

Mrs. Wood discovers that Sir Stanley is in love—temporarily, at any rate—with Helen, and for her daughter's sake she determines to make Helen go away before it is too late. She begs her to do this, but the girl refuses. Then Mrs. Wood tells her an amazing story of how Primrose's father went to sea for her to save Earl Dale, Helen's father.

At first Helen refuses to believe the story, but Mrs. Wood has convincing proof of it in the form of a letter. At last the elder woman states her terms. "It is your happiness against Primrose's."

"Give her back her life," she says. "It is her right to become very well of each other, so that the engagement is expected daily. But Helen, a beautiful girl, appears on the scene and, to Mrs. Wood's dismay, sweeps Sir Stanley right off his feet."

Helen decides, after a big struggle, to sacrifice her happiness in order to save her father from disgrace. She writes a letter to Sir Stanley which gives him the impression that she can never really care for him.

Mrs. Wood dies, but not before she has seen Primrose married to Sir Stanley, whose proposal was accepted chiefly by sympathy.

As the time goes by Primrose begins to realise that her husband does not really love her. Colonel Wynne, a friend of Stanley's, visits Whilcomb Court. On first seeing Primrose and before he knows who she is he falls in love with her.

Primrose decides to leave Whilcomb. She does not tell her husband where she is lodging. After a considerable time Wynne finds Primrose and tries to bring husband and wife together again. He arranges a meeting between them, but Stanley fails to turn up.

He is knocked down by a lorry and very seriously injured about the head. Primrose is summoned in haste to the Nursing Home where Stanley has been taken. As a result of the accident his mind becomes unbalanced and he believes he is back in the days of the war.

Primrose suggests that her husband's memory might be restored if Helen came to see him. She consents to do this, and on entering the room walks straight up to Stanley, who does not recognise her, and becomes very upset.

A famous French surgeon consents to operate, and Stanley recovers his reason. He goes abroad with Dick Wynne for a six months' holiday.

ABSOLUTELY SATISFIED!

THE six months were nearly over and Primrose was daily expecting a wire from Colonel Wynne or from her husband, giving her the definite date of their return.

During the long absence Dick had written as regularly as their journeyings permitted, giving her an account of their travels and reporting steady and continuous improvement in Stanley's health, mental and bodily.

Stanley himself wrote brief, courteous notes, containing little information, but always repeating the hope that she was well. They were notes that a man might have written to his maiden aunt.

Primrose intended to keep her promise to Dick. She would not leave the Court till her husband returned. Then she would have a full explanation with him.

But she began to be afraid that it might be her inexorable duty to go on staying there, as mistress of his house. Her own wish was to go away altogether, for she felt she could not face the daily agony of living under the same roof with her husband, knowing he had no love for her.

But she knew this would make people talk, which would be unfair to Stanley. It was not his fault that he did not love her. On the contrary, he had done a noble thing in marrying a girl who had been represented to him as dying of love for him. So, in her hurt and sensitive pride, Primrose put it to herself, and it would imply some wrong-doing on his part if all the world knew that she, his wife, refused to live with him.

If Helen had still been free, it might have been different. But Helen had married Ralph Treloar almost immediately after they had returned to England from their yachting trip.

Primrose suddenly decided she would do as Helen had begged so often and go up to London to spend a couple of days with her and Dr. Treloar. She needed some new clothes, and she could get them then.

She found Helen installed in Ralph's old house in Chelsea, looking rather thinner, but with a new serenity on her beautiful face.

Directly after dinner, on the night of her arrival, Dr. Treloar was called out. He made a little grimace as he rose and said: "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I shall be late. Don't sit up for me, darling."

Helen held her face up for his good-bye kiss, and Primrose turned away as she saw the radiance in the master's eyes.

When he had gone the two women took their coffee to the drawing-room and settled themselves in easy chairs.

After a little while Primrose said rather suddenly: "Tell me, Helen, are you happy—really happy?"

Helen paused before she answered deliberately. "Yes, I think that perhaps I am happier than I ever thought to be, in a calm, quiet

'complete' sort of way. I truly think I have married the best man in the world, and I certainly make him happy."

Primrose smiled, a little sadly. If only she could have made Stanley half as happy!

"That is very obvious," Ralph adores you. I never saw any man radiate happiness as he does."

Helen answered thoughtfully: "I only hope I shall never disappoint him. I have tried to make him see me as I am, not as he thinks me, but it's no good."

"I rather fancy that what he thinks you and what you are are pretty much the same thing," Primrose said gently. "He was telling me how much you help him."

Helen sat upright. "Well, fancy living in a house with a man like that and not doing what one could! You know, Primrose, one of the greatest happinesses in my life is the change in my father. He almost worships Ralph."

"Is it true that Mr. Dale has quite given up business?"

"For his own gain—yes. But he is awfully busy. For he is building and endowing a small hospital or clinic, which Ralph is to run entirely on his own lines."

"I know my father, Primrose. He seems a changed man in every way, ten years younger, and quite light-hearted."

Primrose put out her hand impulsively and squeezed Helen's.

"I am so glad. I know how much you both mean to each other."

"We owe the change entirely to you. He told me what you said to him—that you knew

so much thinking she saw clearly all Richard Wynne's goodness, unselfishness and chivalry towards herself, and realised it had all been rooted in his love for her."

He loved her, as she loved Stanley. And in the demands she made on his time, on his service for herself and Stanley, she must have made him suffer a martyrdom.

She remembered how he had looked when he had said good-bye. His face had been very pale and his eyes had held a look she had refused to understand then, but which she recognised very plainly now. And his hand had gripped hers like a vice as he had whispered in farewell:

"I'll take care of him and bring him safely back. But remember it is for you. God bless you, my dear. Keep up your courage."

Courage! She drew a deep breath and held her head a shade higher.

She gave a final touch to the masses of soft dark hair that framed her face as with a cloud and went downstairs.

The travellers were due. They might be here at any moment!

THE HOMECOMING.

SUDDENLY Primrose felt she could not meet them indoors. She must get out into the air. She slipped out on to the lawns, the beautiful chinchilla cat following her with slow and stately steps, his great bushy tail waving in the air like a huge blurred note of interrogation.

Then Primrose heard the sound of wheels, and her heart seemed to turn right over and then stand still.

She stood as though rooted to the spot and waited.

A few moments later a tall figure appeared in the embrasure of the French window of the study, and quickly crossed the lawn towards her.

Every pulse throughout her body tingled as though she had received an electric shock. She had hoped that her husband had lost his old power to stir her. But alas, the very first sight of his beloved figure, of his tanned face, radiant with health of the sun's, crinkled hair, gave the lie to all her hopes!

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"Hullo, Primrose!" he said, holding out both his hands. "It's very good to be home again."

He made a movement as if he were going to kiss her, but she drew back, giving him her hands instead.

"I am glad to see you looking so well. You look quite—splendid," she said breathlessly.

"Am I, I never felt fitter in my life, thanks to the splendid care old Dick took of me. He was exactly like an old Nanny with a sick and sometimes tiresome child. You have no idea how he coddled me, put me to bed and kept me out of mischief."

He was obviously nearly as nervous as Primrose, and he talked quickly, his words running into each other.

Primrose recovered her ordinary outward calm first:

"Where is he? Is he in the house?"

"No." His eyes, holding a curious look in them, were on her face. "He stayed in London. He wouldn't come down. I wanted him to, but he said he would rather I came home alone."

"I see. I am sorry he wouldn't come." Primrose felt a sudden thrill of terror. She was to be alone with Stanley—alone with her own husband!

She had decided she must make no more demands on Dick, and yet, now that she had to face the crisis of her whole life she felt she would give anything for his support, for his kind strong presence, for the whisper of his voice: "Courage!"

"Look here, Primrose, you and I have a great deal to talk over. Shall we have our talk now?"

His own hands shook a little as he plunged them into his trousers pockets and his tanned face went a shade paler.

"Courage!" she thought again to herself, and then said aloud, "Yes. Let us get it over."

They turned as though by common consent and walked to the rose-covered summer-house a few yards away, where they were shut off from view from the house.

Then Stanley held out his hands.

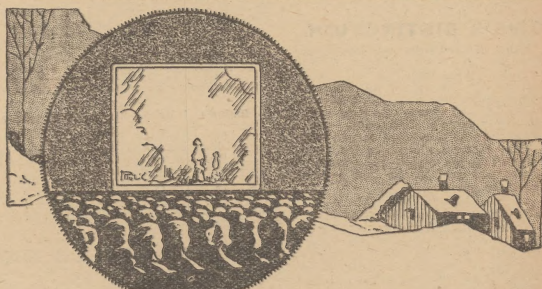
"Aren't you going to kiss me, Primrose?" She met his eyes fearlessly.

"No, Stanley."

"Why not?"

"Because you do not love me as I require my husband to love me. Oh, I am not blaming you. It is not your fault. But you have not got the best to offer me, and I am not willing to accept the second-best. That is why!"

To be concluded on Monday, when the opening chapters of "Under False Pretences," a powerful new serial by Henry St. John Cooper, will appear.



"At the pictures"

Take a box of Nupines with you when you go to the pictures. They serve a double purpose, for they are a tasty sweet, and at the same time relieve huskiness or tickling of the throat.

Everyone likes the flavour of Nupines; aromatic, moderately pungent, with a "snap"—they are really nice.

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Eat them like a sweet.

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Brilliant New Serial Starts on Monday.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Mr. Henry St. John Cooper, author of "Under False Pretences." To make certain of a copy order to-day.

Robin Marchant, the hero of our Grand New Serial "Under False Pretences," which starts on Monday.



VISCOUNT'S BABY NAMED



Viscountess Sandon with her baby son after his christening yesterday at St. Peter's, Eaton-square. The child received the names of Dudley Danvers Granville Coutts. The family name is Ryder.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS OF TO-DAY



Miss Elsie Prince, a young boy in the Wylie-Tate pantomime "Aladdin" at the Cardiff Empire, where, at a matinee next Friday, 300 poor children will be entertained as guests of Pip, Squeak and Wilfred.



Latest portrait of Mr. Wallace Reid, the film star, whose death is announced by cablegram from Los Angeles, California. This, it is stated, followed a six weeks' struggle after giving up the drug habit.

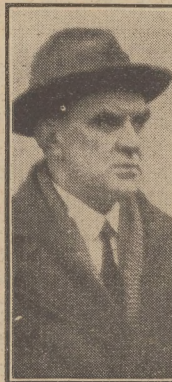


PEER AND HIS FIANCEE.—Lord Raglan with his fiancée, the Hon. Julia Hamilton, daughter of Lord Belhaven, of Wishaw, Lanarkshire. Their wedding is expected to take place in London early in April. Lord Raglan succeeded to the title in 1921.

WOMAN'S DEATH MYSTERY



Mrs. Edith Gunter, the dead woman's daughter.



Mr. Martin, with whom, it was stated, the dead woman lived.



Dr. W. H. de Wott said he certified Mrs. Jones died of uremia and cardiac disease.

The inquest yesterday on Mrs. Edith Mary Jones, whose funeral was postponed by the St. Pancras coroner's order, threw little light on the case. The police-surgeon could not state the cause of death, and the inquiry was adjourned.



Sir E. Naylor-Leyland.



Miss M. de Belabré.

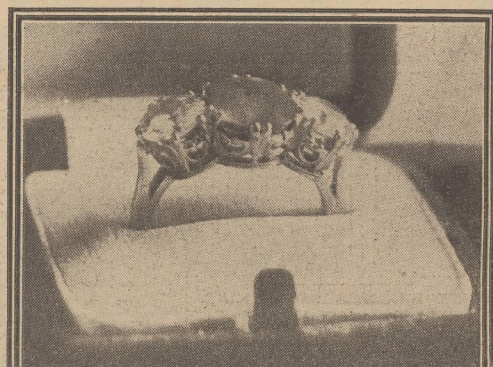
BARONET ENGAGED.—The engagement was announced last night of Sir Edward Naylor-Leyland, Bart., and Miss Marguerite de Belabré, daughter of the Baron de Belabré.



FRANCE'S IRON POLICE.—An array of French tanks at the approaches to Dortmund Railway Station. This town has been included in the extended Franco-Belgian advance in the Ruhr. The French have now seized the Customs and confiscated banks.



D.S.O. FOUND DEAD.—Lieutenant - Colonel R. J. Andrews, D.S.O., M.C., Hampstead, found dead beside a running electric motor and clutching a chisel he had apparently been sharpening.



ROYAL ENGAGEMENT RING.—The magnificent engagement ring, sapphire in centre, with a diamond on each side, which the Duke of York gave yesterday to his fiancée, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.